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Where is my grave? It matters not where;  
 But my home beyond—is it there, is it there,  
 Where cherubim spread their golden wings,  
 And where seraph to seraph triumphant sings,  
 In the sun-bright regions of the blest—  
 Shall there be my home, my eternal rest?

#### A CITIZEN'S RELAXATIONS, OR SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

I do not know any city in the British empire, whose environs afford more various and attractive scenery, than the metropolis of Ireland; far superior to either London or Edinburgh, the vicinity of Dublin presents an inexhaustible fund of scenic beauty, for the enjoyment of which abundant facilities are afforded. Thus, while the Londoner may actually pass out of life, without having cast one admiring look at a mountain prospect, with all its peaks and ridges, lakes, waterfalls, and glens, and while he may have no idea of the sea, but what the turbid tide-waters of the Thames present—a Dublin citizen—yes, even its poorest artizan—can, in an hour or two, either wander among the sea-cliffs of Bray or Bullock, or climb the Wicklow hills, and fill his admiring mind with all the grand images connected with mountain phenomena. Nay, more—he can, when tired of this—if a man, a city-circumscribed man, can be tired of such things—ramble up the banks of the lovely and lively Liffey; he may direct his jaunting-car along the lower road that leads to Lucan—admire perhaps the finest river-landscape in the world—observe cultivation carried forward with the greatest accuracy, and in keeping with the greatest beauty: he may spend his day at the Salmon Leap at Leixlip, or proceed farther; and after admiring the thousand-and-one acres in the centre of which Ireland's only Duke resides, he may view that venerable spot, whence, shining with the unction of holiness, redolent with all the midnight lamp-oil of theological lore, our Maynooth priests go forth to teach the young Milesian “how to shoot”—not Orangemen—but upwards, towards those portals of which Saint Peter, for blessed Mother Church, is said to hold the key. Or, if it should better please him, he can go northward, and exercise his antiquarian propensities and recollections, while admiring the venerable remains of Fingallian grandeur, as exhibited in the old Parliament-house of Swords—its round-tower—or the still more beautiful one at Lusk. He may venture to Holm-Patrick, and see not only the church built by St. Patrick, but also his very footprints, as, with a hop-skip-and-jump, he popped from island to island, until he reached mainland. He may thence return home, and on his way observe the ancient stone roof and crypt of St. Doulough, only inferior in antiquity to Cormac's chapel, on the Rock of Cashel. Thus the vicinity of Dublin presents her varied attractions for the excursionist and tourist; and foul befall the character of the Dublin *litterati*, that there has not been yet found *one* who has adequately, with pen or pencil, described and brought into notice the environs of the metropolis of Ireland.

Mr. NATIONAL, one would think I was a native of the county or city of Dublin, from my anxiety to trumpet forth their praises. But, indeed, it is no such thing; I am a stranger—mercantile business has but given me *here* a local habitation; and were it not that a good old uncle in India had lately left me some few thousands, you would have never received this, or heard of “the destiny obscure” of a painstaking rider

to a Manchester firm. It is to me a riddle, how it was it came to the ears of Alderman Fitzburgh, a very respectable Dublin dealer in soft goods, that I had acquired those Indian rupees: but so it happened; and with all due respect to my good address, mercantile responsibility, and prepossessing *personnel*, I do indeed, with becoming modesty, attribute to this oriental ore, an invitation I received from the worthy Alderman, to spend the next Sabbath with him and his family, at Mermount, a villa of his worship's near the road to the new and noted village of Kings-town.

I confess I had often wished to see the interior of a rich Dublin citizen's villa—perhaps, also, I had no objection to be a partaker at his hospitable board—for no one on earth, if report speaks truly, has such facilities for good eating and drinking, or knows better how to enjoy the rich capabilities of a Dublin market or cellar. Besides, I wished to see how your Irish burgher spent his Sunday. The man, I knew, was a good, staunch Protestant; he could scarcely be at the tip-top of the Orange corporation, without being true blue. Well, asks I of myself, what shall I find?—the flesh subdued to the spirit, and nothing but cold meat for dinner, and after that psalm-singing and evening prayers; or the spirit subdued to the flesh—and what with cooking and carving, and eating and feasting, and junketting and carousing—the goodly citizen proving himself one of those antipuritans, who have long maintained the old royal tenet of the house of Stuart, as the same is duly set forth in the “Book of Sports,” that Sunday is no Sabbath!

I accordingly accepted the invitation; and on the following Lord's-day arose early, and saluted the blessed sun, as he shone cheerily in at my window, and assured me that he would gladden the hearts of thousands by walking his cloudless course on this fine autumnal day. Proceeding with all due despatch, about ten o'clock, through that narrow, busy, bustling place, half lane, half street, which leads from Stephen's-green to Baggot-street, I was saluted by the Jehu of one of those elegant vehicles, called jaunting-cars—“Goin' out, Sir?—get up, yer honour—here's a seat; I'm just off—only waitin' for two like yerself. Tim Dunn, ye'd better lend me the two gemmen you've got on yer car. Come, masther, get up—I'm off in a giffy.”

After tarrying half an hour, during which patience was exhausted in hearing the drivers cursing, swearing, lying, trucking with each other for passengers, and exhibiting what degraded, audacious, profligate knaves, these jinglemen are, we at length, with infinite manœuvring, had six mounted on our fragile vehicle, and so started; and proceeded with great rapidity along the Rock-road: and oh, the dust! The Nubian desert could scarcely send its simoon cloud of impalpable sand with more oppressive density, than did the south-easterly wind on that breezy morn. I certainly was attired in a very *recherché* manner: my cravat tied scientifically (by the bye, I paid a Frenchman a guinea, when last in London, for the secret)—my waistcoat of the newest Parisian pattern—my hat elegant—coat exquisite—trowsers inexpressibly contrived, so as to cover and yet reveal proportions I was not a little proud of. But, oh, what a figure I was before I got to Ball's-bridge! If ever there was a marvellously well-dressed man marred, I was one. There was a smug little black man who sat beside me, next the shaft; he had the demure, under-brow glance of a Romish priest; his black stock, covered with white crape, his close-fitting galligaskins, his strait collar, and broad-brimmed hat, spoke him a sacerdotal man. He was, when he set out, just as neat as myself; and, without wishing to speak loweringly of

the worthy ecclesiastic, he seemed not unconscious that there was much of the beauty of holiness attendant on him. If a priest or friar could be a fop, he was one. But, oh, how changed! A snow-heap, thawing away in the midst of a populous street, its virgin purity defiled, its heavenly whiteness polluted with mud and ashes, and every stain most filthy and unsuitable, was not worse off than the little priest and I, before we got to Williamstown. There we found the road blocked up by a long string of coaches, headed by a hearse, which "blackened all the way."

"I suppose, Sir," said I, to my priest, "that the poor person who is now going to his long home, died of some putrid and malignant disease, that makes it necessary for his friends to hasten on his funeral, and bury him even on a Sabbath-day."

"Oh, no such thing; I assure you, Catholics contrive, if possible, always to bury of a Sunday. We fail not to have, in this way, a fine funeral. I wish you a pleasant drive, Sir; good morning."

I could plainly perceive that the Rev. gentleman had a hand in the job; so I wished him much luck of it. As well as the dust would permit me, I could perceive that the whole procession had now made a full stop at a public-house, and that the mourners in the coaches were washing down their sorrow and the sad dust, by plentiful libations of porter and whiskey. One fat lady in particular, who rode in the mourning-coach, next the hearse, and who, from the redness of her cheeks and eyes, seemed to be in the full flush of sorrow—some near and much-loved friend—could it be the bereaved relict of the dear departed husband? She was lifting her little finger over her forehead, in draining to the last dregs the glass of cordial with which she sought to alleviate her sorrow—"Poor soul!" said I, internally, "thou dost right to moisten thy clay, which might otherwise lose all radical moisture, by thy excessive weeping. Whiskey is indeed a cordial for care—see how it 'tempers the wind to a shorn lamb!'"

With these expressions of tender sympathy I found myself arrived at the Black Rock; and here, considering myself within a mile of my destination, I brushed off, as well as I could, the powdery taint, which mildewed, as it were, all my freshness, and proceeded up one of those numerous avenues that verge off in so many directions from that very ugly village. With the elastic foot of one who was inured to country exercise, but latterly "in populous city pent," I soon arrived at my hospitable inviter's villa. How different from a London citizen's retreat! which usually is on the outskirts of some village within sound of the Bow-bell, the smell of the lamps, and the breathing of the road-dust—which rejoices in a small court or flower-garden, with yew-trees and bay-trees separating it from the king's highway; or enjoys a little lawn before it, just large enough to graze a donkey or whip a cat. On the contrary, our Dublin alderman had quite a *PLACE*; a large skreened-in lawn, a swelling green sward, with flower-plats interspersed; sunk-fences, to keep out cattle; invisible palings, to mark off pleasure-grounds from the wider extent of the farm. Behind the house, I could observe lofty walls, long ranges of graperies, hot-houses, and conservatories. But more of this by and by. Having knocked at the hall-door and announced my name to the servant, I was ushered into the morning sitting-room, where I was introduced by my friend the alderman, to Mrs. and the Misses Selina and Cordelia Fitzburgh, who were certainly comely for their respective ages, and not behind hand in the graces that Providence has lavished on the softer sex. Neither were they backward in those additions that fashion, in her caprice, chooses to add to the attractiveness

of ladies. The statue that "enchants the world," represents the perfect woman as having falling shoulders, neither broad nor high. The beauties who stood before me, had shoulders broader than the Farnese Hercules; instead of wings, under which Cupids might disport and shelter, they wore big bladdery excrescences, more fit for swimming than for flying—more adapted to keep them over water, than to exalt them up to heaven—more fit to prove they were true witches, than to satisfy they were very angels; besides, their waists were intolerably small—so that they seemed like spiders, ready to come out of their webs, to catch and claw men; or like the continent of America, with its northern and southern divisions swelling out large and rich—not forgetting that the ends are at Capes Turnabout or Horn—while the middle, at Porto-bello and Darien, is contracted to the thickness of a span. Well, I am, for a Manchester rider, a very discursive dealer in *piece-goods*. To return to my narrative: after making my bows to the ladies, I was informed they were about to proceed to church—which I might have known from the accompaniments of the party; for each fair one had a sort of ecclesiastical portable library (bible, prayer-book, week's preparation, and hymn-book, cased up together) in the one hand—while the *ridicule* (I spell as things are pronounced) hung gracefully from the other arm. So, handing the ladies, in my best travelled *savoir comme il faut*, into the landau, we proceeded towards church.

The Irish characteristically begin their morning service in the afternoon; and we arrived a little after twelve at a small chapel in the adjoining village: and while the ladies were preparing themselves, by smoothing down their attire and setting up serious countenances, to enter the house of worship, I looked around, and was surprised to see two or three decent persons turned away from the door by the porter or sexton.

"How is this?" said I, to one of my fair companions—"can it be, that, in a country like this, not very rich in Protestants, men are turned from an evangelical house of worship? Is the place full to overflowing? and if so, how shall we get seats?"

"Oh, not at all—the chapel is not by any means likely to be full; and papa, thank goodness, has secured *our* seats, or we should have no business here. For our chaplain, who is a great disciplinarian, and must have his own way, admits no one here who has not a ticket, or has not hired out a pew."

"And is there any other church here," said I, "that the poor can go to?"

"No."

"Oh, then, the gospel here is reversed; and it is harder for a **POOR MAN** to enter the kingdom of heaven, through the Protestant Church, than for a camel to pass through a needle's eye. But," says I, "as we were passing into the interior of the temple, 'who is this strict and cross wight?'"

"Oh, he is a canon of St. Patrick's."

I have not time, **MR. NATIONAL**, to enlarge on how the service was performed; suffice it to say, that it was much better than I have usually found it in England. Let me, however, say something of the sermon and the preacher.

The information that I had just got, while moving into the chapel, stuck to my memory; and when I saw an atrabilious, adust, levigated, little man, mount the pulpit—when I saw him, after announcing his text, look around with his lurid watchlight eyes, from under a fleshless skull,

covered with a skin as dry and discoloured as one of the old parchment pipe rolls in the Record tower—why, he looked to me like one of the old Syrian hermits, or Anthony, or Jerome, or Simon Stilites, who drank nothing but the waters of the Dead Sea, and whose meat was composed of locusts, and whose desert were the apples of Sodom that bloomed in bitterness around the sulphureous shores of Lake Asphaltites. Questionless, the sermon was not out of character with the preacher; it was quaintly antithetical, eminently objurgatory, gloomily denunciatory—a thundering, threatening, scathing thing—it seemed as if the little Boanerges had some bow or other, like one of Spagnolletto or Salvator Rosa's portraits, his killing eye was always darting into me—I say, it seemed as if he felt a strong desire to take me up by the waistband of the trowsers, and hang me writhing over the pit of hell—I really felt somehow very uncomfortable. I fancied I had got within the atmosphere of the Inquisition. My imagination twisted the preacher into a familiar of the holy office—the question, the torture, the *san benito*, the *auto-da-fé*, got possession of my mind, and before the “voice from the wilderness” had ceased, I had nearly worked myself into an agitation fearfully similar to hysteria or monomania. Never, my dear Mr. NATIONAL, was a poor turkey-pout more joyous, when the hawk that cowered over it had soared away in search of some other quarry—or a poor mocking-bird more delighted, when the rattle-snake's fascinating eye is withdrawn from the spray on which it flutters and faints; thus I was when the terrible little man descended from his pulpit, when he departed, as Ossian would say, “like the dark spirit of Loda, from the circle of his power.”

“Is this a canon of St. Patrick's?” said I, to Miss Selina Fitzburgh.

“Yes, Sir,” says she—“is he not a fine and searching preacher?”

“Oh!” sighed I; “he is a *cannon* with a vengeance—Roaring Meg of Derry, or Mons. Meg at Edinburgh Castle, or Queen Anne's Pocket Pistol at Dover, are but pop-guns to him. Oh, indeed, Miss Selina, he is fearfully explosive, a terrible piece of ordnance is he!”

But when I looked around, and saw my aldermanic friend, and Lady this, and Sir William that, with their smirking young ladies, and gallant young gentlemen, moving away as if nothing had happened, after hearing announcements, and threats, and judgments enough to make the dead writhe in their winding sheets, and terrify the hungry worm from gnawing at his sepulchral food—why, thinks I to myself, those persons must have all been dozing—must have slept out the sermon, like hares, with their eyes open. But, no; that is not the case—I correct myself. It is more true to human nature, to consider that custom will do wonders—make not only the skin but the heart callous to impression; and this congregation are like those people who live under a volcanic crater, or like those dogs, accustomed to a smith's forge—the hammering of the incandescent iron, the corruscation of the flickering sparks falling about on every side, have no effect to raise them from their lair. It is only such a sorry and fresh cur as I am, that is likely to have his heart awed and his affections turned, like small-beer, sour, by such thunder as this. But enough of this. At the church door, Mrs. Fitzburgh, very politely, and perhaps to exemplify how little she was affected by what she had heard, said—

“I hope, Mr. Bobbinbottom, you will have no objection to join my daughters and me in a drive to Killiney? We mean to go through Kingstown, and join there some of our neighbours; with them we mean to spend an hour or so at Malpas' Obelisk, and they are good enough to say they will then return home with us to dinner; and I do assure

you, Mr. Bobbinbottom, that we go not empty—I speak to the apprehension of an Englishman, who, I know, loves not a long fast—that our landau conveys creature comforts—sandwiches, and sundry bottles of Guinness’s porter.”

“Careful soul,” thought I, as I bowingly accepted the invitation—“thou art a wife worthy of any Gilpin, whether he belong to famous Dublin or London Town.”

I wish, Mr. NATIONAL, I had wit, or you had space, for me to describe all that was said and seen during our drive to Kingstown. Let no man tell me that room for observation, and scope for adventure, are not to be found from Newtown Avenue to Kingstown. The different physiognomies, the various characters and groupings of all who pass along in coach, chaise, landau, dennet, gig, jaunting-car, or jingle, would be sufficient to answer any man’s purpose who was resolute to write, even suppose it were on a broomstick. But indeed I do not mean to trespass on your or the reader’s patience; suffice it to say, that we arrived at Kingstown—a busy, dirty, noisy, straggling, upstart sort of a place, as Horace says of Appii Forum—“*Differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis*,”—a hastily huddled-together town, with all the straggling characteristics of an American—all the filth, profligacy, drunkenness, swearing, slattern, mendicancy of an Irish outlet to an Irish metropolis. Oh, what a blaspheming, whiskey-drinking, gambling, pitch-and-toss place, is that main street of Kingstown! May I never die the death of a Christian, but I think the town was run up on a sudden, under the influence of Satan, for devil’s imps and satellites, dealers in liquid fire, and women worse than witches, to hold their accursed sabbat, in ridicule and defilement of, and as an infernal set-off against, the Sabbath of the living God. The beautiful bay, the magnificent pier, the splendid concourse of shipping—the frigate, the yacht, the pinnaces, the steam-boats—all studding, in lovely variety, this grand basin, were lost on me. My mother’s religion, that respect for the Sabbath which the dear woman once taught me, and which, on this occasion, as well as on many others, I know I have broken, all rushed back on me; and I believe I would have sprung out of the landau and hastened *any way* back to Dublin, had not, at this instant, a Swiss carriage, a jaunting-car, and cabriolet drove up, containing Mr. Flounce, a respectable common-council man, from Grafton-street, with his family; Mr. Brittlebowl (and wife) a fashionable china dealer, and a man, as Mrs. Fitzburgh described him, who knew how to enjoy the *delassements* of the Sunday elegantly; and Mr. Figgins, an eminent grocer. So, after a sufficiency of bows, greetings, compliments, &c., we “all precious souls, and all agog,” started for the summits of Killiney. The drive is not handsome from Kingstown to the hills which were the object of our excursion; the country, ugly, rocky, and swampy; large boulder stones of granite rolled and rounded under the operation of the primeval flood, interspersed through wet and rushy fields; here and there a new villa or a cottage in the process of building; recent walls; infant plantations—the whole picture of the neighbourhood reminded you of a young township in America, and only there were no wooden houses, no zig-zag palings, no profusion of felled or growing timber, and no forest in the back ground, with straight-stemmed and blazed pines, you might suppose you were in the States; but, no matter, whether here or there, you were satisfied that a country being improved, though it may be interesting, is not handsome. After a drive of about three miles, we came to the foot of the central hill, on which the obelisk is built, and observing, that though the road was good the

ascent was steep, I requested permission to alight, and stretch my legs by walking to the top of the hill. In this desire I was joined by the Misses Selina and Cordelia, and, offering an arm to each, which they modestly though complacently refused, we ascended the eminence, directly under the residence of some foolish, tasteless, city Goth, who has contrived to make a burlesque upon castellation, by affixing certain indentures to the top of his house, like the toothed deed by which he himself was bound out to be an attorney or dealer; and with the accompaniments of slashes in the walls, and things like mustard-pots and pepper-castors at the corners, has turned a good, old, plain, country mansion into a Babel building, where all art is confounded, taste abused; and there it stands like a fool upon a cock horse—nonsense set upon a hill. I am now as I was then obliged to the man for the contrivance of this extravaganza; for, while descanting with Miss Selina, who, by the way, every now and then smiled most complacently at my observations on affairs general and particular, we were insensibly led to the crest of the hill, and while I was showing, with no little lore, what were the characteristics of the true Anglo-Norman Gothic castle——

"Stop, Mr. Bobbinbottom!" cries Miss Selina—"if you are not a Saxon, or Dane, or Goth, look about you *now*, and you shall see what you shall see!" and so, taking my eyes from out of myself, I looked north and I looked south, and truly I *was* astonished.

Mr. NATIONAL, I have been a rider for some years, and have cast not a listless eye over, not only the British Isles, but over much that is beautiful and grand on the European and American Continents; I have not only passed over the spines and ridges of the Alps and Pyrennees, and listened with delight to the shepherd's pipe, at evening's close, rising from the vine-covered hills of Auvergne and the Bourbonnais, but I have heard the downright dash of Niagara, and seen where the Potomac and Shenandoah burst their united waters through the pine-covered ridge of the Allegany mountains—but, after all, I know not any landscape that ever came under my eye, so rich, so various, so comprehensive, as the view from Killiney hill. The whole valley of the Liffey, with the rich and wooded plains of the county Dublin under my feet—the Mourne mountains, in the far northern distance, rising in serrated peaks—the hills of Kildare in the far west—and, just as it were beneath, the mighty city, covered with its wreathed smoke, veiling the great monster, as much as to say, "Do not look too closely, for my much wealth is attended with much poverty, my magnificence is the nurse of misery, crime is mine, and sorrow is mine, and under my roofs I foster heartlessness, and every evil passion." But hold! I desire not to give a new edition of the Devil on two Sticks; so, let us turn from the smoke-crowned city, and look towards Dublin bay. They have told me it is like that of Naples. I cannot say—I have yet to see Italy; but if the shores of the Mediterranean can present a more beautiful sea and land view than this now under my scope, I much wonder. People talk enthusiastically of French and Italian skies, of the clear, blue, ethereal transparency that casts such a lustre on all beneath, but commend me to an Irish or English atmosphere, on a fine autumnal or spring evening, when the west wind blows steadily, and the clouds, in rich cumulative masses, career along the face of heaven; and now the hills, plains, and thousand tinted woods laugh in the sunshine, and now are darkened off into masses of moving shade; and then to see, hanging over the eastern sea, the gorgeous battlements of clouds, here red as glowing copper, there fringed as with epaulets of gold, as, pile on pile, they rise



as pillared palaces. Oh, how often have I sat, "at evening's dewy close," and fancied some of the near and dear ones who have passed out of life, were yonder in their splendid habitations. Yes, Ellen, my sweet Ellen, my own beautiful, innocent, fragile, into-heaven-vanished sister, I have, on those glorious evening clouds, thought I saw your face and fine form reflected, and as my strong imagination gave to the evanescent, silvery vapour, your form and pressure, I have almost thought I *could* and *should* spring upwards and onwards, to join you in that blessed state, where disembodied spirits need not and shall not know or sorrow or separation.

But where am I, Mr. NATIONAL?—gone on a tour into the clouds, instead of looking away like an honest and true felicity hunter, perched on Killiney hill. The peculiarity of the spot on which I stood was that, turning round on your heel, your eye opened on almost as different a prospect as if you were transplanted into a different clime; or, as if looking into a showman's box, the rapid and voluble man had, with a turn of a pin, discarded one picture and substituted another; so, here, by looking to the south, you have a different sea, shore, valley, hills, mountains; nay, even, the character of the air, and sky, and clouds seemed changed: and, as before, you had the counties of Dublin, Kildare, and Meath before you, with the grand city, landlocked bay, and the pier of Kingstown; and Howth and Lambay, reposing on the waters like couchant, sentinel sea-monsters; so now you have the silvery shore of Killiney, bending its graceful crescent line, until it terminates in one of the finest of all Irish promontories—Bray Head; and then, the narrow, quiet vale, and the mountains, pile on pile, above it, and the Sugar-loaf, piercing its white silicious head over all. Mr. Figgins, the grocer—who had alighted out of his cabriolet, and had joined us here—could not restrain his admiration.

"Oh, Sir, is that yonder the great county Wicklow Sugar-loaf?—Well, then, is it not barbarous big, all out? What, if Killiney-bay was a bowl of *tay*, and the Sugar-loaf thrown in to sweeten the cup, would it not make a mighty pretty breakfast for Fin M'Coul, provided, as how he had Bray Head yonder for a manchet?"

"Ha, ha, ha! always for eating, Mr. Figgins," said Mr. Flounce, who had just come up. "You gentlemen of the Corporation are always for *that* entertainment. Your ideas all seem to rise out of your stomach, like fogs out of a bog."

To this rather pert remark of the man of mode, I saw Mr. Figgins in the act of engendering some repartee, when one of the young ladies cried—"Oh, dear me, I am afraid something has happened to beloved mamma; there is a crowd round the landau. Selina, dear, let us run on; and so, like Camilla and Atalanta, these young ladies started forward, and I, to show my gallantry, like young Hippomenes, was not far behind; and sure enough, when we arrived at the carriage, an ugly accident had occurred to dear, good Mrs. Fitzburgh. She, 'careful soul,' had, as was hinted at before, stowed in the front of the open landau, a basket of prog, consisting of sandwiches and bottles of porter. Now, one of these bottles lying under the influence of the sun-beams, and agitated by the jolting of the carriage, had taken it into its head to explode, and the neck of the flask taking the direction of Mrs. Fitzburgh's left cheek, had not only covered the dear woman with all its froth, but the glass had inflicted a wound on the lobe of her ear, and truly, she was a sad spectacle when we came up. It was altogether a tragic scene, such as no pen of mine could adequately describe—the daughters faint—

ing on the road-side—the worthy Alderman endeavouring to wipe away the streaming brown-stout, and staunch the blood that flowed profusely—for she was plethoric and full of the sanguineous fluid. Here it was that fortune was greatly on my side. In early life, before I had taken to mercantile matters, I had done some business in a barber surgeon's shop, and had learned not only how to breathe a vein, but also how to apply styptics, plasters, and bandages; and I ever since have carried my case of instruments, with lint, sticking plasters, &c. &c. about me, so here I fell to work in Esculapian style—soon found that a little blood makes a great show—the ear-ring orifice was only a little enlarged—the soft and silky lobe was, in some measure, lacerated; but, by the help of a few strips of sticking plaster, and the bandaging influence of a silk pocket-handkerchief, all was soon set to rights; but, alas! the whole spirit of the excursion was spoiled. The young ladies, though revived with a little cold water, had lost the zest for enjoyment.

The alderman himself felt even his masculine nerves shaken; and “poor mamma,” though in a measure set to rights, was but a sorry sight to exhibit to all the loungers and city tourists who were grouped around the hill; for the disaster had disclosed a mystery that ought never to have passed the precincts of the boudoir. Mrs. Fitzburgh, when setting out in the morning, in all the richness of attire and fulness of *en bon point*, fat, fair, and but little more than forty, sat between her two delicate and slender daughters, as the full moon between two sparkling planets, or a plump partridge flanked by two quails; and she had such a good complexion!—neck, nose, and forehead, as fair as alabaster;—cheeks “*à cauleur de rose*”—no broken veins, no faded swarthiness betraying the cruel fact, that the sear and autumnal tints were evidencing how time had frost-bitten her beauty. But now—what a revolution!—Janus herself did not exhibit such a double face; for on the right side of her nose all was still well—white and red still retained their due admixture—the curls around were in proper place and perfection: but, ah, me!—on the left side, submitted to the agency of the angry and potent porter-bottle, all was washed and wasted—red and white had disappeared, and nothing remained but one sickly, creamy hue; so that the poor, pitiable dame exhibited a face like crofton apple, at one side rosy, at the other russet—or like the northern and southern aspects of a hill, where one side is all heath and the other all *cultivation*.

You may suppose that our horses' heads were soon directed down the hill; and as fast as we could drive we wended our way to Mermount; our dear, suffering patient all the time keeping her handkerchief up to her left cheek, and now and then replying to her fond daughters' inquiries, and saying, that indeed the pain was not a little in her ear.

Mr. NATIONAL, I do not intend to relate all that occurred during the remainder of this Sunday, until it was time to appear in the drawing-room, prior to the announcement for dinner. I shall only hint, by the way, that the worthy alderman, as a *pass-time*, invited me to take a lounge with him over the grounds—to do which I was nothing loth. Most men have a love for gardens and country cultivation. The breed, seed, and generation of that man who has no farming or gardening propensities, or who does not love green fields and tillage, and the healthy occupations of rural life, must be downright Cockney. I, therefore, readily started with my host, and left my hostess and her fair daughters to the splicing of the split ear, and other arcana of the “art cosmetic.” The grounds consisted of twenty Irish acres (an Irish acre, like an Irishman, is of large dimensions) thirty-two English. Nothing could be in more

apple-pie order, or more expensive than all the arrangements concerning this little patch of land : Scotch steward, plough-horses and cart-horses, cattle-sheds, granaries, and corn-stands, machines for all purposes, and implements of all sorts ; in fact, the home-stead of a farmer of five hundred acres in Berwickshire or the Lothians would not be on a larger scale. There were little fields of mangle-wurzel, of lucerne and sainfoin ; there were several experimental patches of maize, tobacco, and chicory ; every thing, in fact, as I said before, most expensively hobbyhorsical. A large, sturdy sort of steward, to whom I was in due course introduced, followed our footsteps, and acted as master's master on the occasion. "My good friend, alderman," thinks I to myself, "you must have a long purse at command, either of your own or other people's, to carry on all this foolery. Now I see how it is, that Dublin merchants do not, like their London brethren, deal in plums. By the by, I shall enter it on my memorandum, to see how the *worthy* alderman stands in the books of my employers, the Messrs. Twistleden and Power, Salford, Manchester.

But as my time, paper, and descriptive capabilities, are beginning to run to the fag-end, I must hasten to conclude. I shall therefore suppose the gentlemen assembled before the ladies in the drawing-room : Mr. Flounce and Mr. Figgins engaged in hot dispute, as to whether Mr. David M'Cleery or Mr. Judkin Butler was the more finished city orator ; while the alderman was discoursing with a fat, little, moon-faced gentleman, who struck me as the village apothecary, sent for to set all matters to rights about Mrs. Fitzburgh's ear. I, in return for all past, present, and to-come hospitality, went over, as in duty bound, and gave *my* ear to my entertainer's conversation. He was eloquently holding forth on the plentiful supply of fish which the city of Dublin then enjoyed :—"Only think, Sir, of my buying a turbot yesterday, altogether as cheap as beef ; two-and-twenty pounds, down weight, for eight shillings !—I actually had it put into the scales, for curiosity sake. But, as the saying is, the proof of the pudding's in the eating ; and you shall see by and by."

At this hint, we all smacked our lips ; and the Messrs. Figgins and Flounce absolutely gave over their oratorical disquisition, seeming to think, according to the time-keeper in their stomachs, that it was better to speak and think of what goes into the mouth than of what comes out of it. By and by, the ladies made their *entrée*. All appearance of the recent calamity had disappeared from mine hostess—save that she wore a close cap, lined with pink, that came down over her ears. Indeed, the left side of her face, which presented such a russet and dun colour some two hours before, had recovered its roseate hue ; and I blessed the power of beauty, that had such restorative energies in hand for womankind. Still, after all, I thought I could perceive some secret source of vexation lurking about the good lady. She smiled ; but there was a flurried irritation in her bearing, and words, and movements ; and her eye rolled darkling around, and her flushed face was as the sun struggling on a November evening, through the density of a city fog. At length the secret stimulus exposed itself ; and peevishly, almost weepingly, she bespoke her spouse as follows :

"Alderman Fitzburgh, your servants are intolerable ; only think of Tom the coachman refusing to come up and attend at table. He says, forsooth ! that by my orders the horses have been brought home so warm, that he must not and will not leave them ; and then, my dear, Pat the butler will never be able to attend on twenty persons ; and

what is worse, Betty the cook has taken a sup—and I am afraid to tell you all about the dinner; but this I must say, that if the poor creature has been foolish with herself, and is not in the state she ought to be, there is some excuse. Indeed, Mr. Fitzburgh, when you ask out Sunday parties, you ought to consider the closeness of our kitchen; and if you go on asking so many," (and here I was glad to find she fixed her eye on Mr. Figgins, and not on me,) "you must—yes, indeed, Sir, you must provide me with a new kitchen-range, and more servants."

This conversation was carried on in that "*sotto voce*," which any one might hear, and which was intended for all whom it might concern. In the mean time, and in the nick of opportunity, dinner was announced. I left Mr. Flounce to hand down the vexed matron, and as was expected, gave my arm to the sweetly-smiling Miss Cordelia. It is surprising how many nice things a practised gentleman may say to a fair lady, as he holds her arm, neither too fondly nor too negligently, in moving down from drawing-room to eating-room. There is an art and tact also in arranging yourself at table; beside your fair companion, to be sure—but so, likewise, as to remove her from the responsibilities of carving a fowl, a rabbit, or a hare. This I also managed marvellously well: and now suppose us all seated, after much sideling, and simpering, and colloquative manœuvring—and the grace said, most laconically—the silver covers are removed—and the steaming viands send forth their odorous mist, curling up as incense meet, in honour of the god of gastronomy. But, alack! when the cloud cleared away, and the alderman looked down on the dish set before him, and saw the pride of his banquet, his monstrous turbot, that ought to have extended its white and broad disk all over the lordly dish on which it was served—lo! all reduced to a chaotic hash! its once broad and ivory continuity all broken down, discoloured, mummied, and dislocated; its fine gelatinous fins dissolved away, leaving nothing but theotomy of its back-bone, as the ribs of a ruined wreck, behind. This was too much for aldermanic patience, for aldermanic philosophy, for aldermanic religion. See the portly functionary, after a despairing exclamation—"Oh, this is a blow indeed!" sinking in his chair, stupified—turgid his muscles—his double chin and cheeks assuming a purple apoplectic hue.

"Open his waistcoat, and loosen his cravat, for the love of mercy, good Mr. Launcelot!" cries Mrs. Fitzburgh, from the other end of the table; "there now, give him a little Madeira and water.—Oh, thank goodness, he is coming to himself! Well, as sure as fate, Betty shall march to-morrow morning. The drunken sot! to vex the dear, good man so."

I shall not attempt to depict the fuss, the annoyance, the disappointment, that pervaded the whole party, not only in consequence of the alderman's despair, and its apprehended consequences, but also from the loss of the promised treat of turbot that was as cheap as beef: suffice it to say, that we all in time recovered our tone of thought and action, even the man of the house seemed to console himself sufficiently, by resorting to sundry libations of East India Madeira, and reiterated helpings of turtle-soup, saddle of mutton, turkey-pout and tongue. The rest of the entertainment went off with the usual quantity of feasting on the part of the guests, and fussing and china-breaking on the part of the servants. The conversation at table was as edifying as city politics could make it. I carried on a sort of under-plot conversation with Miss Cordelia, on Tommy Moore's *Life of Byron*, which she maintained, raised both the biographer and the hero higher than ever in her

estimation—not only for their intellectual power, but also for their moral and religious characters.

“What do you think of Bysshe Shelley?” said I.

“Oh, Sir, he is a dear, wild, exalted, sublime, extravagant kind of fellow!”

“And what of Pollok’s Course of Time?”

“Oh, religious poetry is my aversion. Poor, puny Pollok!—owing all he has of good to his larceny on Milton; the sorry ape of that sad, mad, morose mope, Cowper.”

“Admirable, Miss Cordelia!” thought I to myself, “yet you shall not share *my* rupees.”

The ladies soon left the room; and I was not grieved even at the flight of the fair Cordelia—for, with a fine ankle and a fairy foot, I saw she had a tendency to wear blue stockings. The evening, for the limited period I remained in the drawing-room, was occupied by the younger ladies, in singing and playing a few psalm tunes, in *honour* of the Sabbath, and then resorting to the more congenial music of Weber and Mozart.

As I had to return to town, I took an early leave; and on my way home, whilst jolting on my jaunting-car, I revolved and ruminated on all that happened during the day. I asked myself seriously, would not that dear mother—if permitted in her blest abode to have a consciousness of what is carried on below—would she not grieve, if an accepted spirit could grieve, to see her son, whom she had reared in the fear of God, and respect for his Sabbaths, spend, as I had done, one of God’s own days, in mental and bodily dissipation, and a willing witness of, and a party concerned in so much vanity and vexation of spirit? Verily, she would: and, under other strength than my own, I hope I shall not repeat the same again.

I remain, Mr. National Magazine for Ireland,

Your obedient servant,

MATTHEW BOBBINBOTTOM.

N. B.—Any orders in the gingham or jaconet line, on the house of Twistleden, Power, and Co. Salford, Manchester, will be carefully attended to, by the aforesaid artied rider to the firm, at his lodgings, No. 178, Merchant’s-quay.

### SONGS FOR THE SORROWFUL—No. III.

“Awake, my harp of sorrow!—waken  
Those tones of thine, to love and light!  
Why droop the chords of joy, forsaken  
’Mid scenes as fair, and skies as bright  
As ever burst upon the dream  
Of bard, by fairy-haunted stream,  
Or broke upon the ravished eyes  
Of him who wakes in Paradise?”

The wind sweeps slowly o’er the harp, and brings  
A low and thrilling murmur from the strings!

It seems to say: Oh, ask not here  
For lay of mirth, or descant high!  
Can that mute harp of sorrow cheer,  
Whose sad chords speak but in a sigh?  
“Yet *one*, my harp—but *one* wild strain—  
’Twill charm to rest the mourner’s pain;